AGNES DE CASTRO:

OR, THE FORCE OF GENEROUS LOVE

Written in French by a Lady of Quality.

Made English by Mrs. *BEHN.*

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TO

Sir Roger Pulefton,

BARONET.

SIR,

IT would be a happy World for us Traders in Parnaſſus, *if, like thoſe in the Moon*, (*as* Bergerac *ſays*) *we cou'd Barter, Pay Debts, and Obligations with Poems and Dedications: But this is a World not Generous enough for ſuch noble Traffick. Like* Homer, *we may ſing our Verſes from Door to Door, but ſhall find few Liſt'ners that underſtand their Value, and can receive 'em as they ought.*

Virgil *and* Horace *had a better Age*; Auguſtus *favour'd the Muſes, and the whole Court was Complaiſant to the Humor of their* Cæſar. *He was a great Judg, and a great Patron: But our Age, de-*

generated into dull Lewdneſs, can reliſh nothing but abuſive Satyr, and obſcene Lampoons; and he is the moſt admir'd Poet who can the moſt vilely traduce Innocent Beauty, Women of Quality, and Great Men. Our depray'd Nature can reliſh nothing but Scandal in Verſe, and from Noble and Heroick Songs, we are debauch'd into Scurrilous and Sawcy Libels; and every Man's a Wit, who can but Rail.

In our Age the Noble Roman *Poets wou'd have Starv'd and have dy'd the Death of the Fam'd* Hudibras; *(to the Eternal Shame of the Engliſh Nation) We have few* Sidneys; *ſcarce a* Mæcenas *now to Bleſs or Grace a Poet; few that Judge, or know how to ſet a Value on Wit. The Building of the Halcyon points us not out more certainly to Calmeſt Seas, than the Flouriſhing of the Muſes does to a*

Happy

Happy State. But now Jealouſies, Controverſies, Debates, and Self-intereſts take up all the time; and 'tis rare to pitch on a Man whom we can promiſe our ſelves ſhall have the Leaſure to read what we write-or the true Sence to Judge: thoſe few who love Books, and can Juge, are thoſe who do a good Author Credit.

Of this number, Sir, I eſteem your ſelf, who, unpractic'd in the Lewdneſs of the Town, injoy the happy quiet of Thought and Books. The common Vices, ſo much in faſhion, are not able to taint your Virtue; you have always kept clear of thoſe Mutinous and Diſaffected Cabals, which have been fatal to the Loyalty of ſo many Gentlemen, who otherwiſe had ſerv'd their King, and, in that, their Country, with Honour. Your Conduct has hitherto been Juſt and Prudent; and as

Heaven has given you a Generosity suitable to your Birth and Fortune, you have always been a Publick Good to your Country, and a Private Benefactor to those you believ'd worthy your Bounty. The Unfortunate never addrest to you in vain, nor Merit ever past unrewarded. You have a Sweetness of temper, and a Conversation so Easy, that you are never approach'd without Love and Delight. You have a Calmness and Affability wholly Obliging; and it is impossible to know you without becoming your Friend. There is a noble Justice in your Nature, that renders you admir'd, and which is rarely found in the Race of Man. You have a Gentle Softness and Deliberation in your temper that is very Ingaging; far from that of those noisy Men, who talk their Wit out of Breath and Credit, and discover nothing at the bottom; who think Impertinence

nence Converſation; take Impudence for good Breeding, and vain Boaſting for real Courage. Your Soul is more Majeſtically retir'd than thoſe of other Men; and when it looks abroad, it is only to return more Perfect; it learns nothing that can Sully its native Purity and Innocence: and if it have ever made a ſally of Youth, it has been of that Sort which is moſt Excuſable, Love; Love, from which no fine Soul can be Exempt. It is a Paſſion that is Natural to its Tenderneſs, and 'tis in ſuch Delicate Hearts where one ought to ſearch for the real God of Love.

That God which is ſo lively repreſented in the Soul of this Prince, whom I here preſent you; whoſe Paſſions are ſo Soft, and ſo full of Reſpect, at the reading of which, I believe, there will be no one found who will not Sigh, and Shed ſome Tears, and whoſe Soul will not ſympathize with thoſe Paſſions he finds there. They will behold a Prince

Languiſh

Languish for Love, yet chusing to Dye, rather than act contrary to Honor. They will find a Constancy unusual in your Sex, and a Bravery unpractic'd in ours: In fine, you will see here Love, Fortitude, and Vertue, very naturally Painted; and a Truth which needs nothing of Romantick to make it absolutely Moving. If it have Power to affect the Reader, I hope the Men will not say our Sex are wholly incapable of arriving to the Excellency of their Works; or that we cannot give just and true Ideas of the Noblest Passions: Nay, that, in point of Softness, we cannot outdo them. 'Twas a Lady that writ the Original, and, I hope, I have not taken off from the Lustre of her admirable Piece by putting it into our Language; at least, it will be sufficient Honor for me to have your Approbation, who am,

SIR,

Your most obliged, and
most humble Servant,

A. BEHN.

THE HISTORY OF *AGNES de CASTRO.*

THOUGH LOVE, all ſoft and flattering, promiſes nothing but Pleaſures; yet its Conſequences are often Sad and Fatal; it is not enough to be in Love, to be happy; ſince Fortune who is Capricious, and takes delight to trouble the Repoſe of the moſt Elevated and Virtuous, has very little reſpect for paſſionate and tender Hearts, when ſhe deſigns to produce ſtrange Adventures.

Many Examples of paſt Ages renders this Maxim certain, but the Reign of *Dom Alphonſo* the Fourth, King of *Portugal*, furniſhes

us with one, the moſt Extraordinary that Hiſtory can produce.

He was the Son of that *Dom Denice*, who was ſo ſucceſsful in all his Undertakings, that it was ſaid of him, that he was capable of performing what ever he deſign'd: And of *Iſabella*, a Princeſs of eminent Virtue, who when he came to inherit a Flouriſhing and Tranquil State, he endeavor'd to Eſtabliſh Peace and Plenty in abundance, in his Kingdom.

And to advance this his Deſign, he agreed on a Marriage between his Son *Don Pedro*, (then about Eight Years of Age) and *Bianca* Daughter of *Don Pedro*, King of *Caſtille*; and whom the Young Prince married when he arrived to his Sixteenth Year.

Bianca brought nothing to *Coimbra* but Infirmities, and very few Charms. *Don Pedro* who was full of Sweetneſs and Generoſity, liv'd nevertheleſs very well with her; but thoſe Diſtempers of the Princeſs degenerating into the Palſie, ſhe made it her Requeſt to retire, and at her Interceſſion the Pope broke the Marriage, and the Melancholy Princeſs concealed her Languiſhment in a Solitary retreat. And *Don Pedro*, for whom they had provided another Match, married *Conſtantia Manuel*, Daughter of *Don John Manuel*, a Prince of the Blood of *Caſtille*, and famous for the Emnity he had to his King.

Con-

Conſtantia was promiſed to the King of *Caſtille*, but that King not keeping his Word, they made no difficulty of beſtowing her on a Young Prince, who was one Day to Reign over a Number of fine Provinces. He was but Five and twenty Years of Age, and the Man of all *Spain* that had the beſt Faſhion and Grace: And with the moſt advantageous qualities of the Body, he poſſeſt thoſe of the Soul, and ſhow'd himſelf worthy in all things of the Crown that was deſtin'd for him.

The Princeſs *Conſtantia* had Beauty, Wit, and Generoſity, in as great a meaſure as 'twas poſſible for a Woman to be poſſeſt with; her Merit alone ought to have attach'd *Don Pedro* eternally to her, and certainly he had for her an Eſteem, mixt with ſo great a Reſpect, as might very well paſs for Love with thoſe that were not of a Nice and Curious Obſervation; but alas! his real Care was reſerv'd for another Beauty.

Conſtantia brought into the World, the Firſt Year after her Marriage, a Son, who was call'd *Don Loüis*; but it ſcarce ſaw the Light, and Died almoſt as ſoon as Born. The loſs of this little Prince ſenſibly touch'd her, but the Coldneſs ſhe obſerved in the Prince her Husband, went yet more near her Heart; for ſhe had given her ſelf abſolutely up to her Duty, and had made her Tenderneſs for him her only Concern: But Puiſſant Glory

which ty'd her so intirely to the Interest of the Prince of *Portugal*, opened her Eyes upon his Actions, where she observ'd nothing in his Carelessness and Civilities that was Natural, or could satisfy her delicate Heart.

At first, she fancy'd her self deceiv'd, but Time having confirm'd her in what she fear'd; she sighed in Secret, yet had that consideration for the Prince, as not to let him see her Disorder; and which, nevertheless she could not conceal from *Agnes de Castro*, who liv'd with her, rather as a Companion than a Maid of Honor, and whom her Friendship made her intirely distinguish from the rest.

This Maid, so dear to the Princess, very well merited the Preference her Mistris gave her; she was Beautiful to excess, Wise, Discreet, Witty, and had more Tenderness for *Constantia* than she had for self: Having quitted her Family, which was Illustrious, to give her self wholly to the Service of the Princess, and to follow her into *Portugal*. It was into the Bosom of this Maid, that the Princess unladed her First Moans, and the Charming *Agnes* forgot nothing that might give ease to her afflicted Heart.

Nor was *Constantia* the only Person who complain'd on *Don Pedro*: before his Divorce from *Blanca*, he had expressed some Care and Tenderness for *Elvira Gonzales*, Sister to *Don Alvare Gonzales*, Favorite to the King

King of *Portugal*; and this Amuſement in the Young Years of the Prince, having made a deep Impreſſion on *Elvira*, who flatter'd her Ambition with the Infirmities of *Bianca*. She ſaw, with a Secret rage, *Conſtantia* take her Place, who was poſſeſt with ſuch Charms, that quite diveſted her of all Hopes.

Her Jealoſy left her not Idle, ſhe examin'd all the Actions of the Prince, and eaſily diſcovered the little regard he had for the Princeſs; but this brought him not back to her. And it was upon very good Grounds that ſhe ſuſpected him to be in Love with ſome other Perſon, and poſſeſſed with a new Paſſion; and which ſhe promiſs'd her ſelf, ſhe wou'd deſtroy as ſoon as ſhe could find it out. She had a Spirit altogether proper for Bold and Hazardous Enterprizes; and the Credit of her Brother gave her ſo much Vanity, as all the indifference of the Prince was not capable of humbling.

The Prince languiſh'd, and conceal'd the cauſe with ſo much Care, that 'twas impoſſible for any to find it out. No publick Pleaſures were agreeable to him, and all Converſations were tedious; and it was Solitude alone, that was able to give him any eaſe.

This Change ſurpriz'd all the World; the King who lov'd his Son very tenderly, earneſtly preſt him to know the Reaſon of his Melancholy: but the Prince made no An-

ſwer, but only this, that it was the effects of his Temper.

But Time ran on, and the Princeſs was brought to Bed of a Second Son, who liv'd, and was call'd *Fernando*. *Don Pedro* forc'd himſelf a little to take part in the publick Joy, ſo that they believ'd his Humor was changing; but this appearance of a Calm endur'd not long, and he fell back again into his black Melancholy.

The Artful *Elvira* was inceſſantly agitated in ſearching out the Knowledge of this Secret; chance Wrought for her: And, as ſhe was walking full of Indignation and Anger, in the Garden of the Pallace of *Coimbra*, ſhe found the Prince of *Portugal* Sleeping in an obſcure Grotto.

Her Fury cou'd not contain it ſelf at the ſight of this lov'd Object, ſhe rould her Eyes upon him, and perceiv'd in ſpight of Sleep, that ſome Tears eſcap'd his Eyes; the flame which burnt yet in her Heart, ſoon grew Soft and Tender there: But oh! ſhe heard him Sigh, and after that utter theſe Words, *Yes, divine Agnes, I will ſooner die than let you know it*: Conſtantia *ſhall have nothing to reproach me with*. *Elvira* was inrag'd at this Diſcourſe, which repreſented to her immediately, the ſame moment, *Agnes de Caſtro* with all her Charms, and not at all doubting, but it was ſhe who poſſeſt the Heart of *Don Pedro*. She found in her Soul more

Hatred

Hatred for this fair Rival, than Tenderneſs for him.

The Grotto was not a place fit to make Reflections in, or to form Deſigns. Perhaps her firſt Tranſports wou'd have made her waken'd him, if ſhe had not perceiv'd a Paper lying under his Hand, which ſhe ſoftly ſeiz'd on; and that ſhe might not be ſurpriz'd in the Reading it, ſhe went out of the Garden with as much Haſte as Confuſion.

When ſhe was retir'd to her Appartment, ſhe open'd the Paper, trembling, and found in it theſe Verſes, writ by the Hand of *Don Pedro*; and which in appearance he had newly then compoſed.

In vain, oh! Sacred Honor, you debate
The Mighty buſineſs in my Heart:
Love! Charming Love! rules all my Fate,
Intereſt and Glory claim no Part.
The God, ſure of his Victory, Triumphs there,
And will have nothing in his Empire ſhare.

In vain, oh! Sacred Duty, you oppoſe;
In vain, your Nuptial tye you plead:
Thoſe forc'd Devoirs LOVE over-throws,
And breaks the Vows he never made.
Fixing his fatal Arrows every where,
I burn, and languiſh, in a ſoft Diſpair.

Fair Princeſs, you to whom my Faith is due,
Pard'n the Deſtiny that drags me on;
'Tis not my fault, my Heart's untrue,
I am compell'd to be unlone:
My Life is yours, I gave it with my Hand,
But my Fidelity I can't command.

Elvira did not only know the Writing of *Don Pedro*, but ſhe knew alſo that he cou'd Write Verſes. And ſeeing the ſad part which *Conſtantia* had in theſe which were now fallen into her Hands, ſhe made no ſcruple of reſolving to let the Princeſs ſee them: but that ſhe might not be ſuſpected, ſhe took care not to appear in the buſineſs her ſelf, and ſince it was not enough for *Conſtantia* to know that the Prince did not Love her, but that ſhe muſt know alſo he was a Slave to *Agnes de Caſtro*, *Elvira* cauſed theſe few Verſes to be Writen in an unknown hand, under thoſe Writ by the Prince.

Sleep betray'd the unhappy Lover,
While Tears were ſtreaming from his Eyes,
His headleſs Tongue without diſguiſe
The ſecret did diſcover,
The Language of his Heart declare,
That Agnes *Image Triumphs there.*

Elvira regarded neither Exactneſs nor Grace in theſe Lines, and if they had but the effect ſhe deſign'd ſhe wiſh'd no more.

Her

Her impatience cou'd not wait till the next Day to expose 'em; she therefore went immediately to the Lodgings of the Princess, who was then walking in the Garden of the Palace; and passing without resistance even to her Cabinet, she put the Paper into a Book in which the Princess us'd to Read, and went out again unseen, and satisfy'd with her good Fortune.

As soon as *Constantia* was return'd she enter'd into her Cabinet and saw the Book open, and the Verses lying in it, which were to cost her so dear: she soon knew the hand of the Prince which was so familiar to her, and besides the information of what she had always fear'd, she understood it was *Agnes de Castro*, (whose friendship alone was able to comfort her, in her Misfortunes) who was the fatal cause of it; she read over the Paper an hundred times desiring to give her Eyes and Reason the Lye, but finding but too plainly she was not deceiv'd, she found her Soul pollest with more Grief than Anger: when she consider'd as much in Love as the Prince was, he had kept his Torment secret. After having made her moan, without condemning him, the tenderness she had for him made her shed a Torrent of Tears, and inspir'd her with a resolution, of concealing her resentments.

She wou'd certainly have done it, by a Virtue extraordinary, if the Prince, who

miſſing his Verſes when he wak'd, and fearing they might fall into indiſcreet hands, had not enter'd the Palace, all troubled with his loſs, and haſtily going into *Conſtantia's* Apartment, ſaw her fair Eyes all wet with Tears, and at the ſame inſtant caſt his own on the unhappy Verſes that had eſcap'd from his Soul, and now lay before the Princeſs.

He immediately turn'd pale at this ſight, and appear'd ſo mov'd, that the Generous Princeſs felt more pain than he did: Madam ſaid he, (infinitely Alarm'd) from whom had you that Paper? it cannot come, but from the hand of ſome Perſon, anſwer'd *Conſtantia*, who is an Enemy both to your repoſe and mine; it is the work, Sir, of your own hand, and doubtleſs the ſentiment of your Heart. But be not ſurpris'd, and do not fear, for if my tenderneſs ſhould make it paſs for a crime in you, the ſame tenderneſs, which nothing is able to alter, ſhall hinder me from complaining.

The moderation and calmneſs of *Conſtantia*, ſerv'd only to render the Prince more aſham'd and confus'd: How Generous are you Madam, perſu'd he, and how unfortunate am I. Some Tears accompanied his words, and the Princeſs, who lov'd him with extream Ardor, was ſo ſenſibly touch'd at it, that it was a good while before ſhe cou'd utter a word. *Conſtantia* then broke ſilence, and ſhowing him what *Elvira* had caus'd to

be

be written, you are betray'd Sir, added ſhe, you have been heard ſpeak, and your ſecret is known. It was at this very moment that all the forces of the Prince abandon'd him, and his condition was really worthy of Compaſſion; he cou'd not pardon himſelf the unvoluntary crime he had committed, in expoſing of the Lovely and the Innocent *Agnes*: and though he was convinc'd of the Virtue and Goodneſs of *Conſtantia*, the apprehenſions he had that this modeſt and prudent Maid might ſuffer by his conduct, carryed him beyond all conſideration.

The Princeſs, who heedfully ſurvey'd him, ſaw ſo many Marks of Diſpair in his Face and Eyes, that ſhe was afraid of the Conſequences; and holding out her Hand, in a very Obliging manner to him, ſhe ſaid, I promiſe, you Sir, I will never more complain on you, and that *Agnes* ſhall always be very dear to me; you ſhall never hear me make you any reproaches. And ſince I cannot poſſeſs your Heart, I will content my ſelf with endeavoring to render my ſelf worthy of it. *Don Pedro* more confus'd and dejected, than before he had been, bent one of his Knees at the Feet of *Conſtantia*, and with reſpect kiſt that fair kind Hand ſhe had given him; and perhaps forgot *Agnes* for a moment.

But LOVE ſoon put a ſtop to all the little Advances of *Hymen*, the fatal Star that preſided

ſided over the Deſtiny of *Don Pedro*, had not yet vented its Malignity; and one moments Sight of *Agnes* gave new Forces to his Paſſion.

The Wiſh and Deſires of this charming Maid had no Part in this Victory; her Eyes were juſt, though penetrating, and they ſearched not in thoſe of the Prince, what they had a Deſire to diſcover to her.

As ſhe was never far from *Conſtantia*, *Don Pedro* was no ſooner gone out of the Cloſet, but *Agnes* entred; and finding the Prince ſo all Pale and Languiſhing in her Chair, ſhe doubted not but there was ſome ſufficient Cauſe for her Affliction: ſhe put her ſelf in the ſame Poſture the Prince had been in before, and expreſſing an Impatitude, full of Concern, Madam, ſaid ſhe, by all your Goodneſs, conceal not from me the Cauſe of your Trouble. Alas *Agnes*, repl'yed the Princeſs, What would you know? And what ſhould I tell you? The Prince, the Prince, my deareſt Maid is in Love; the Hand that he gave me was not a Preſent of his Heart; and for the Advantage of this Alliance, I muſt become the Victim of it. —What! the Prince in Love, repl'yed *Agnes*, (with an Aſtoniſhment mixt with Indignation) What Beauty can diſpute the Empire over a Heart ſo much your due? Alas, Madam, all the Reſpect I owe him, cannot hinder me from murmuring againſt him. Accuſe him of nothing

thing, interrupted *Conſtantia*, he does what he can; and I am more obliged to him for deſiring to be Faithful, than if I poſſeſt his real Tenderneſs. It is not enough to Fight, but to Overcome; and the Prince does more in the Condition wherein he is, than I ought reaſonably to hope for: In fine, he is my Husband, and an agreable one; to whom nothing is wanting, but what I cannot inſpire, that is a Paſſion which would have made me but too Happy. Ah, Madam, cry'd out *Agnes*, tranſported with her Tenderneſs for the Princeſs, he is a blind and ſtupid Prince, who knows not the pretious Advantages he poſſeſſes. He muſt ſurely know Something, reply'd the Princeſs, modeſtly; but, Madam, reply'd *Agnes*, Is there any thing, not only in *Portugal*, but in all *Spain*, that can compare with you? And, without conſidering the Charming Qualities of your Perſon, can we enough admire thoſe of your Soul? My dear *Agnes*, interrupted *Conſtantia*, Sighing, ſhe who robs me of my Husband's Heart, has but too many Charms, to plead his Excuſe, ſince it is thou, Child, whom Fortune makes uſe of, to give me this Killing Blow. Yes, *Agnes*, the Prince loves thee; and the Merit I know thou art poſſeſt of, puts Bounds to my Complaints, without ſuffering me to have the leaſt Reſentment.

The delicate *Agnes* little expected to hear what

what the Princeſs told her, Thunder wou'd have leſs ſurpriſed, and leſs oppreſt her: She remained a long time without ſpeaking, but at laſt fixing her Looks all frightful on *Conſtantia*, What ſay you, Madam? (cry'd ſhe) And what Thoughts have you of me? What, that I ſhould betray you? And coming hither only full of Ardor to be the Repoſe of your Life, do I bring a fatal Poyſon to afflict it? What Deteſtation muſt I have for the Beauty they find in me, without aſpiring to make it appear? and how ought I to curſe the Unfortunate Day in which I firſt ſaw the Prince? — but, Madam, it cannot be me, whom Heaven has choſen to torment you, and to deſtroy all your Tranquillity: No, it cannot be ſo much my Enemy, to put me to ſo great a Tryal: And if I were that odious Perſon, there is no Excuſe or Puniſhment to which I would not Condemn my Self; it is *Elvira*, Madam, the Prince loves, and lov'd before his Marriage with you, and alſo before his Devorce from *Bianca*: And ſome Body has made an indiſcreet Report to you of this Intriegue of his Youth; but, Madam, what was in the time of *Bianca*, is nothing to you. It is certain that *Don Pedro* loves you, anſwered the Princeſs; and I have Vanity enough to believe that none beſides your Self cou'd have diſputed his Heart with me; but the Secret is diſcover'd, and *Don Pedro* has not diſowned it; What, interrupted

rupted *Agnes*, (more ſurpriſed than ever) Is it then from Himſelf you have learnt his Weakneſs? The Princeſs then ſhew'd her the Verſes, and there was never any Diſpair like to hers.

While they were both thus ſadly employed, both Sighing, and both Weeping, the impatient *Elvira* who was willing to learn the Effect of her Malice, return'd to the Apartment of the Princeſs, where ſhe freely entered, even to the Cabinet where theſe unhappy Perſons were; whom all afflicted and troubled as they were bluſht at her approach, whoſe Company they did not deſire; ſhe had the pleaſure to ſee *Conſtantia* hide from her the Paper which had been the cauſe of all their Trouble, and which the Princeſs had never ſeen but for her Spight and Revenge; and to obſerve alſo in the Eyes of the Princeſs and thoſe of *Agnes*, an immoderate Grief; ſhe ſtay'd in the Cabinet as long as it was neceſſary to be aſſur'd that ſhe had ſucceeded in her Deſign, but the Princeſs who did not deſire ſuch a Witneſs of the diſorder, in which ſhe then was, deſir'd to be left alone *Elvira* then went out of the Cabinet, and *Agnes de Caſtro* withdrew at the ſame time.

It was in her own Chamber that *Agnes* examining more freely this adventure found it as cruel as Death: She lov'd *Conſtantia* ſincerely, and had not till then any thing more

more than an Eſteem mixt with Admiration for the Prince of *Portugal*, which indeed none cou'd refuſe to ſo many fine Qualities. And looking on her ſelf as the moſt unfortunate of her Sex, as being the cauſe of all the ſuffering of the Princeſs to whom ſhe was oblig'd for the greateſt Bounties, ſhe ſpent the whole Night in Tears, and complaints ſufficient to have revenged *Conſtantia* of all the Griefs ſhe made her ſuffer.

The Prince, on his ſide, was in no greater Tranquillity; the Generoſity of his Princeſs encreas'd his Remorſe, without diminiſhing his Love, he fear'd, and with Reaſon that thoſe who were the Occaſion of *Conſtantia*'s ſeeing thoſe Verſes ſhould diſcover his Paſſion to the King, from whom he hop'd for no Indulgence, and he would moſt willingly have given his Life to have been free from this Extremity.

In the mean time the afflicted Princeſs languiſht in a moſt deplorable Sadneſs, ſhe found nothing in thoſe who were the Cauſe of her Misfortunes, but things fitter to move her Tenderneſs than her Anger; it was in vain that Jealouſy ſtrove to combate the Inclination ſhe had to love her fair Rival; nor was any Occaſion of making the Prince leſs dear to her, and ſhe felt neither Hatred, nor ſo much as Indifference for Innocent *Agnes*.

While theſe three diſconſolate Perſons

abandon'd

abandon'd themſelves to their Melancholy. *Elvira*, not to leave her vengeance imperfect, ſtudy'd in what manner ſhe might bring it to the height of its effects. Her Brother on whom ſhe depended ſhow'd her a great deal of Friendſhip; and judging rightly that the Love of *Don Pedro*, to *Agnes de Caſtro* wou'd not be approv'd by the King, ſhe acquainted *Don Alvaro* her Brother with it, who was not ignorant of the paſſion the Prince had once proteſted to have for his Siſter. He found himſelf very much intereſted in this News, from a ſecret paſſion he had for *Agnes*; whom the buſineſs of his Fortune had hetheto hindred him from diſcovering: And he expected a great many Favors from the King, that might render the effort of his Heart the more conſiderable.

He hid not from his Siſter this one thing, which he found difficult to conceal; ſo that ſhe was now poſſeſt with a double Grief, to find *Agnes* ſovereign of all the Hearts, to which ſhe had a pretention.

Don Alvaro was one of thoſe ambitious Men, that are Fierce without Moderation, and Proud without Generoſity; of a Melancholy, cloudy Humor; of a Cruel inclination, and to effect his ends, found nothing difficult or unlawful. Naturally he lov'd not the Prince, who, on all accounts ought to have held the firſt rank in the Heart of the King, which ſhould have ſet bounds to

favor of *Don Alvaro* ; who when he knew the Prince was his Rival, his jealousy increas'd his hate of him; and he conjur'd *Elvira* to employ all her care, to oppose an engagement that cou'd not but be destructive to 'em both ; she promis'd him, and he not very well satisfy'd rely'd on her Address.

Don Alvaro, who had too lively a representation within himself of the Beauties and Graces of the Prince of *Portugal*, thought of nothing but how to combat his Merits, he himself being not handsome or well made: his Fashion was as disagreeable as his Humour, and *Don Pedro* had all the advantages that one Man may possibly have over another. In fine all that *Don Alvaro* wanted adorn'd the Prince: But as he was the Husband of *Constantia*, and depended upon an absolute Father, and that *Don Alvaro* was free and Master of a good Fortune, he thought himself more arm'd of *Agnes*, and fixt his hopes on that thought.

He knew very well that the passion of *Don Pedro* cou'd not but inspire a violent anger in the Soul of the King. Industrious in doing ill, his first business was to carry this news to him; after he had given time to his Grief, and had compos'd himself to his desire, he then besought the King to interest himself in his amorous Affair, and to be the protector of his person.

Though

Though *Don Alvaro*, had no other merit to recommend him to the King, than a continual and blind obedience to all his Commands; yet he had favour'd him with several Testimonies of his vast Bounty, and considering the height to which the Kings liberality had rais'd him, there were few Lady's that would have refus'd his Alliance. The King allur'd him of the continuation of his Friendship and Favour, and promis'd him if he had any Authority he wou'd give him the Charming *Agnes*.

Don Alvaro, perfectly skilfull in managing his Master, answer'd the King's last Bounties with a profound submission. He had yet never told *Agnes* what he felt for her; but he thought now he might make a publick Declaration of it, and fought all means to do it.

The Gallantry, which *Coimbra* seem'd to have forgotten, began now to be awaken'd. The King, to please *Don Alvaro*, under pretence of diverting *Constantia*, order'd some publick sports, and commanded that every thing shou'd be very magnificent.

Since the adventure of the Verses *Don Pedro* endeavour'd to lay a constraint on himself, and to appear less troubled: but in his Heart he suffer'd always alike, and it was not but with great uneasiness he prepar'd himself for the Turnament. And since he cou'd not appear with the colors

of *Agnes*, he took thoſe of his Wife, without Device, or any great Magnificence.

Don Alvaro, adorn'd himſelf with the Liv'ries of *Agnes de Caſtro*; and this fair Maid who had yet found no conſolation from what the Princeſs had told her, had this new cauſe of being diſpleas'd.

Don Pedro appear'd in the Liſt with an admirable Grace; and *Don Alvaro*, who look'd on this Day as his own, appear'd there all ſhining with Gold, mixt with Stones of blew, which were the colors of *Agnes*: and there was Embroiderd all over his Equipage, flaming Hearts of Gold on blew Velvet; and Nets for the ſnares of Love with abundance of double A's, his device was a Love coming out of a Cloud with theſe Verſes written underneath.

Love from a Cloud, breaks like the God of Day
And to the World his Glorys does diſplay;
To gaze on charming Eyes, and make 'em know
What to ſoft Hearts, and to his Power they owe.

The pride of *Don Alvaro* was ſoon humbled at the feet of the Prince of *Portugal*, who threw him againſt the Ground with Twenty others, and carry'd alone the Glory of the

the Day. There was in the Evening a Noble Aſſembly at *Conſtantia's*, where *Agnes* wou'd not have been unleſs expreſly commanded by the Princeſs. She appear'd there all negligent and careleſs in her Dreſs, but yet ſhe appear'd all Beautifull and Charming. She ſaw, with diſdain, her Name and her colours worn by *Don Alvaro*, at a publick Triumph: and if her Heat were capable of any tender motions, it was not for ſuch a Man as he, for whom her delicacy deſtined them: She lookt on him with a contempt, which did not hinder him from preſſing ſo near, that there was a neceſſity for her to hear, what he had to declare to her.

She treated him not uncivily, but her Coldneſs would have rebated the Courage of any but *Alvaro*. *Madam*, ſaid he, (when he could be heared of none but her ſelf) *I have hitherto concealed the paſſion you have inſpir'd me with, fearing it ſhould diſpleaſe you; but it has committed a violence on my reſpect: and I could no longer conceal it from you. I never reflected on your Actions*, anſwered Agnes, with all the indifference of which ſhe was capable, *and if you think you offend me, you are in the wrong, to make me perceive it. This coldneſs is but an ill omen for me*, reply'd Don Alvaro, *and if you have not found me out to be your Lover to Day, I fear you will never approve my Paſſion.*

Oh! what a time you have choſen to make it

appear to me (pursued *Agnes*) *is it so great an Honor for me, that you must take such care to shew it to the World? And do you think that I am so desirous of Glory, that I must aspire to it by your Actions? If I must, you have very ill maintained it in the Turnament; and if it be that vanity that you depend upon, you'l make no great progress, on a Soul that is not fond of shame. If you were possest of all the advantages, which the Prince has this Day carried away, you yet ought to consider what you are going about; and it is not a Maid like me, who is touch'd with enterprizes, with ut Respect or Permission ask'd.*

The Favorite of the King was too proud to hear *Agnes*, without Indignation; but as he was willing to conceal it, and not offend her, he made not his Resentment appear; and considering the Observation she made on the Triumphs of *Don Pedro*, (which increased his Jealousies) if I have not overcome at the Turnament, reply'd he, I am not the less in Love for being vanquish'd, nor the less capable of Success on other Occasions.

They were interrupted here, but from that Day *Don Alvaro*, who had open'd the first Difficulties, kept no more his wonted Distance, but perpetually persecuted *Agnes*; yet though he were protected by the King, that inspir'd, in her, never the more Consideration for him.

Don Pedro was always ignorant by what means

means the Verſes he had loſt in the Garden, fell into the Hands of *Conſtantia*: as the Princeſs appeared to him indulgent, he was only concerned for *Agnes*; and the Love of *Don Alvaro*, which was then ſo well known, increas'd the Pain; and had he been poſſeſt of the Authority, he would not have ſuffered her to have been expos'd to the Perſecutions of ſo unworthy a Rival. He was alſo afraid of the King's being advertiſed of his Paſſion, but he thought not at all of *Eleora's*, nor apprehended any Malice from her Reſentment.

While ſhe burnt with a Deſire of deſtroying *Agnes*, againſt whom ſhe vented all her Venom; and ſhe was never weary of making new Reports to her Brother, aſſuring him, That though they could not prove, that *Agnes* made any Returns to the Tenderneſs of the Prince; yet that was the Cauſe of *Conſtantia's* Grief. And, that if this Princeſs ſhould dye of it, *Don Pedro* might marry *Agnes*. In fine, ſhe ſo incenc'd the Jealous *Don Alvaro's* Jealouſy, that he could not hinder himſelf from running immediately to the King, with the Diſcovery of all he knew, and all he gueſt, and whom he had the Pleaſure to find, was infinitely inrag'd at the News. My dear *Alvaro*, ſaid the King, you ſhall inſtantly marry this dangerous Beauty. And let Poſſeſſion aſſure your Repoſe, and mine. If

I have protected you in other Occaſions, judge what a Service of ſo great an Importance for me would make me undertake; and, without any Reſerve, the Forces of this State are in your Power, and almoſt any thing that I can give, ſhall be aſſur'd you; ſo you render your ſelf Maſter of the Deſtiny of *Agnes*.

Don Alvaro pleas'd, and vain with his Maſter's Bounty, made uſe of all the Authority he gave him: he paſſionately lov'd *Agnes*, and would not, on the ſudden, make uſe of Violence; but reſolv'd with himſelf to employ all poſſible Means to win her fairly; but if that fail'd, to have Recourſe to force, if ſhe continued always inſenſible.

While *Agnes de Caſtro* (importun'd by his Aſſiduities, deſpairing at the Grief of *Conſtantia*, and perhaps made tender by thoſe ſhe had caus'd in the Prince of *Portugal*) took a Reſolution worthy of her Virtue; yet as Amiable as *don Pedro* was, ſhe found nothing in him but his being Husband to *Conſtantia*, that was dear to her: and, far from incouraging the Power ſhe had got over his Heart, ſhe thought of nothing but removing from *Coimbra*; the Paſſion of *Don Alvaro*, which ſhe had no Inclination to Favour, ſerv'd her as a Pretext, and preſs'd with the Fear of cauſing, in the End, a cruel Divorce between the Prince and his

his Princeſs, ſhe went to find *Conſtantia*, with a Trouble, which all her Care was not able to hide from her.

The Princeſs eaſily found it out; and their common Misfortune having not chang'd their Friendſhip: —What ails you, *Agnes*? ſaid the Princeſs to her, in a ſoft Tone, and her ordinary Sweetneſs; and what new Misfortune cauſes that Sadneſs in thy Looks? Madam, reply'd *Agnes*, ſhedding a Rivulet of Tears, The Obligations and Ties I have to you, put me upon a cruel Tryal; I had bounded the Felicity of my Life in hope of paſſing it near your Highneſs; yet I muſt carry, to ſome other part of the World, this unlucky Face of mine, which renders me nothing but ill Offices: And it is to obtain that Liberty, that I am come to throw my Self at your Feet; looking upon you as my Sovereign.

Conſtantia was ſo ſurpris'd and touch'd with the Propoſition of *Agnes*, that ſhe loſt her Speech for ſome moments; Tears, which were ſincere, expreſt her firſt Sentiments: And after having ſhed abundance, to give a new Mark of her Tenderneſs to the Fair afflicted *Agnes*, ſhe with a ſad and melancholy Look, fixt her Eyes upon her, and holding out her Hand to her, in a moſt obliging manner, Sighing, cry'd — you will then, my dear *Agnes*, leave me? And

expoſe

expose me to the Griefs of seeing you no more? Alas, Madam, interrupted this lovely Maid, hide from the Unhappy *Agnes* a Bounty, which does but increase her Misfortunes. It is not I, Madam, that would leave you, it is my Duty, and my Reason that orders my Fate. And those Days which I shall pass far from you, promise me nothing to oblige me to this Design, if I did not see my Self absolutely forc'd to it. I am not ignorant of what passes at *Cordova*; and I shall be an Accomplice of the Injustice there committed, if I should stay there any longer. — ah, I know your Virtue, crv'd *Constantia*, and you may remain here, in all Safety, while I am your Protectress, and let what will happen, I will accuse you of nothing. There's no answering for what's to come, reply'd *Agnes*, sadly; and I shall be sufficiently Guilty, if my Presence cause Sentiments, which cannot be innocent. Beside, Madam, the Importunities of *Don Alvaro* are insupportable to me; and though I find nothing but Aversion for him, since the King protects his Insolence, and he's in a Condition of undertaking any thing, my Flight is absolutely necessary; but, Madam, tho' he has nothing but what seems odious to me. I call Heaven to witness, that if I cou'd cure the Prince by marrying *Don Alvaro*, I wou'd not consider of it a moment; and finding in my Punishment the Consolati-

on

on of Sacrificing my Self to my Princeſs, I wou'd ſupport it without murmuring. But if I were the Wife of *Don Alvaro*, *Don Pedro* wou'd always look upon me with the ſame Eyes: ſo that I find nothing more reaſonable for me than to hide my Self in ſome Corner of the World; where, though I ſhall moſt certainly live without Pleaſure, yet, I ſhall preſerve the Repoſe of my deareſt Miſtriſs. All the Reaſon you find in this Deſign, anſwered the Princeſs, cannot oblige me to approve of your Abſence: Will it reſtore me the Heart of *Don Pedro*? And will he not fly away with you; his Grief is mine, and my Life is ty'd to his; do not make him deſpair then, if you love me. I know ye, I tell you ſo once more; and let your Power be never ſo great over the Heart of the Prince, I will not ſuffer you to abandon us.

Though *Agnes* thought ſhe had perfectly known *Conſtantia*, yet ſhe did not expect to find ſo intire a Virtue in her, which made her think her ſelf more Happy, and the Prince more Criminal. Oh! Wiſdom! Oh Bounty without Example! (cry'd ſhe) Why is it that the cruel Deſtinies do not give you all you deſerve. You are the Diſpoſer of my Actions, continued ſhe (in kiſſing the Hand of *Conſtantia*) I'll do nothing but what you'll have me: But conſider, weigh well the Reaſons that ought to counſel you in the Meaſures you oblige to take.

Don

Don Pedro, who had not ſeen the Princeſs all that Day, came in then, and finding 'em both extreamly troubl'd; with a fierce impatience, demanded the Cauſe: Sir, Anſwered *Conſtantia*, Agnes *too Wiſe, and too Scrupulous, fears the effects of her Beauty, and will live no longer at* Coimbra; *and it was on this Subject, (which cannot be agreeable to me) that ſhe ask'd my Advice.* The Prince grew pale at this Diſcourſe; and ſnatching the Words from her Mouth (with more concern, than poſſeſt either of them) cry'd with a Voice very feeble, *Agnes cannot fail, if ſhe follow your Counſel, Madam; and I leave you full liberty to give it her.* He then immediately went out, and the Princeſs, whoſe Heart he perfectly poſſeſt, not being able to hide her diſpleaſure, ſaid, *My dear* Agnes, *if my ſatisfaction did not only depend on your converſation, I ſhould deſire it of you, for* Don Pedro's *ſake; it is the only advantage that his unfortunate Love can hope; and wou'd not the World have reaſon to call me Barbarous, if I contributed to deprive him of that? But the ſight of me will prove a Poiſon to him.* —— Reply'd *Agnes, and what ſhould I do, my Princeſs, if after the reſerve he has hitherto kept, his Mouth ſhould add any thing to the Torments I have already felt, by ſpeaking to me of his flame? You would hear him ſure, without cauſing him to deſpair*, reply'd *Conſtantia*; *and I ſhould put this Obligation to the account of the reſt you have done me.*

Wou'd

Wou'd you then have me expect thoſe events which I fear, Madam? Reply'd *Agnes, well— I will Obey, but juſt Heavens, purſu'd ſhe, if they prove fatal, do not puniſh an Innocent Heart for it.* Thus this Converſation ended. *Agnes* withdrew into her Chamber, but it was not to be more at eaſe.

What *Don Pedro* had learn'd of the deſign of *Agnes*, caus'd a cruel agitation in his Soul; he wiſh'd he had never lov'd her, and deſired a Thouſand times to dye: But it was not for him to make Vows againſt a thing which Fate had deſign'd him; and whatever reſolutions he made, to bear the abſence of *Agnes*, his tenderneſs had not force enough to conſent to it.

After having, for a long time, combated with himſelf, he determin'd to do, what was impoſſible for him, to let *Agnes* do. His Courage reproach'd him with the Idleneſs, in which he paſt the moſt youthful, and vigorous of his Days; and making it appear to the King, that his Allyes, and even the Prince *Don John Emanuel*, his Father in Law, had concerns in the World, which demanded his preſence on the Frontiers; he eaſily obtain'd liberty to make this Journey, to which the Princeſs wou'd put no obſtacle.

Agnes ſaw him part without any concern, but it was not upon the account of any averſion ſhe had for him. *Don Alvaro* began then to make his importunity, an open Perſecution;

ſecution ; he forgot nothing that might touch the inſenſible *Agnes* ; and made uſe, a long time, only of the Arms of Love : But ſeeing that his ſubmiſſions and reſpect was to no purpoſe, he form'd ſtrange deſigns.

As the King had a deference for all his Counſels, it was not difficult to inſpire him with what he had a mind to : he complain'd of the ingrateful *Agnes*, and forgot nothing that might make him perceive that ſhe was not cruel to him, on his own account ; but from the too much ſenſibility ſhe had for the Prince. The King who was extream angry at this, reiterated all the promiſes he had made him.

The King had not yet ſpoke to *Agnes*, in favor of *Don Alvaro* ; and not doubting but his approbation wou'd ſurmount all Obſtacles, he took an occaſion to entertain her with it. And removing ſome diſtance from thoſe who might hear him, *I thought* Don Alvaro *had merit enough*, ſaid he to her, *to have obtain'd a little ſhare in your eſteem ; and I could not imagine, there would have been any neceſſity of my ſoliciting it for him : I know you are very Charming, but he has nothing that renders him unworthy of you ; and when you ſhall reflect on the [illegible] Friendſhip has made of him, from among [illegible] of my Court, you will do him [illegible] His fortune is none of the [illegible] for his Protector : He is not [illegible] of Honor*

and

and Courage; he adores you; and it ſeems to me, that all theſe reaſons are ſufficient to vanquiſh your Pride.

The Heart of *Agnes* was ſo little diſpoſed, to give it ſelf to *Don Alvaro*, that all that the King of *Portugal* had ſaid, had no effect on her, in his favor. *If* Don Alvaro, *Sir*, anſwered ſhe, *were without Merit, he poſſeſt advantages enough in the bounty your Majeſty is pleaſed to Honor him with, to make him Maſter of all things. It is not that I find any Defect in him, that I anſwer not his deſires: But Sir, by what obſtinate Power, would you that I ſhould Love, if Heaven has not given me a Soul that is tender? And why ſhould you pretend that I ſhould ſubmit to him, when nothing is dearer to me than my Liberty? You are not ſo free, nor ſo inſenſible, as you ſay* (anſwered the King, bluſhing, with Anger.) *And if your Heart were exempt from all ſorts of Affection, he might expect a more reaſonable return, than what he finds. But imprudent Maid, conducted by an ill Fate,* (added he, in Fury) *What pretenſions have you to* Don Pedro? *Huberto, I have hid the Chagreen, which his Weakneſs and yours gave me, but it was not the leſs violent for being hid: And ſince you oblige me to break out, I muſt tell you, that if my Son were not already married to* Conſtantia, *he ſhould never be your Husband; renounce then thoſe vain Ideas, which will cure him, and juſtify you.*

The

The Courageous *Agnes* was ſcarce Miſtreſs of the firſt Tranſports, at a Diſcourſe ſo full of Contempt; but calling her Vertue to the aid of her Anger, ſhe recover'd her ſelf by the aſſiſtance of Reaſon. And conſidering the Outrage ſhe receiv'd, not as coming from a great King, but a Man blinded and poſſeſt by *Don Alvaro*: She thought him not worthy of her reſentment; her fair Eyes animated themſelves with ſo ſhining a vivacity, they anſwered for the purity of her Sentiments; and fixing them ſtedfaſtly on the King, *If the Prince* Don Pedro *have Weakneſſes*, (reply'd ſhe) *with an Air diſdainful, he never communicated 'em to me; and I am certain, I never contributed willfully to 'em: But to let you ſee how little I regard your Defiance, and to put my Glory in ſafety, I will leave far from you, and all that belongs to you: Yes, Sir, I will quit* Coimbra *with pleaſure, and for this Man who is ſo dear to you,* (anſwered ſhe with a noble Pride and Fierceneſs, of which the King felt all the Force) *for this Favorite, ſo worthy to poſſeſs the moſt tender Affections of a great Prince, I aſſure you, that into whatever part of the World Fortune conducts me, I will not carry away the leſt Remembrance of him.* At theſe words ſhe made a profound Reverence, and made ſuch haſte from his Preſence, that he could not oppoſe her going if he would.

The

The King was now more ſtrongly convinced than ever, that ſhe favoured the paſſion of *Don Pedro*, and immediately went to *Conſtantia* to inſpire her with the ſame thought; but ſhe was not capable of receiving ſuch impreſſions, and following her own natural inclinations, ſhe generouſly defended the Virtue of *Agnes*. The King angry to ſee her ſo well intentioned to her Rival, whom he would have had her hated, reproached her with the ſweetneſs of her temper, and went thence to mix his Anger with *Don Alvaro*'s Rage, who was totally confounded when he ſaw the Negotiation of his Maſter had taken no Effect. The haughty Maid braves me then, Sir, ſaid he to the King, and deſpiſes the Honour which your Bounty offered her! Why cannot I reſiſt ſo fatal a Paſſion? But I muſt love her in ſpight of my ſelf, and if this flame conſume me, I can find no way to extinguiſh it; what can I farther do for you, replyed the King? Alas! Sir, anſwered *Don Alvaro*, I muſt do by force what I cannot otherwiſe hope from the Proud and cruel *Agnes*. Well then added the King, ſince it is not fit for me to Authoriſe publickly a Violence in the midſt of my Kingdom, chuſe thoſe of my Subjects which you think moſt capable of ſerving you, and take away by force, the Beauty that charms you, and if ſhe do not yield to your Love, put that Power you are Maſter of in Execution to oblige her to Marry you.

Don Alvaro ravish'd with this Propoſition, which at the ſame time flattered both his Love

and Anger, caſt himſelf at the feet of the King, and renewed his Acknowledgment by freſh Proteſtations, and thought of nothing but employing his unjuſt Authority againſt *Agnes*.

Don Pedro had been about three Months abſent, when *Alvaro* undertook what the King Counſell'd him to; tho the Moderation was known to him, yet he feared his Preſence, and would not attend the return of a Rival, with whom he wou'd avoid all Diſputes.

One Night when the ſad *Agnes*, full of her ordinary Inquietudes, in vain expected the God of Sleep, ſhe heard a Noiſe, and after ſaw ſome Men unknown enter her Chamber, whoſe Meaſures being well conſulted they carried her out of the Palace, and putting her in a cloſe Coach, forc'd her out of *Coimbra*, without being hindred by any Obſtacle. She knew not of whom to complain, nor whom to ſuſpect; *Don Alvaro* ſeem'd too puiſſant to ſeek his ſatisfaction this way, and ſhe accus'd not the Prince of this Attempt, of whom ſhe had ſo favourable an Opinion; what ever ſhe cou'd think or ſay, ſhe cou'd not hinder her ill fortune, they hurried her on with diligence, and before it was Day were a conſiderable way off from the Town.

Aſſoon as Day began to break, ſhe ſurveyed theſe that incompaſſed her, without ſo much as knowing one of them; and ſeeing that her Cries and Prayers were all in vain with theſe deaf Raviſhers, ſhe ſatisfyed her ſelf with imploring the Protection of Heav'n, and abandon'd her ſelf to its Conduct.

While

While ſhe ſate thus overwhelm'd with grief, uncertain of her Deſtiny, ſhe ſaw a body of Horſe advance towards the Troop which Conducted her. The Raviſhers did not ſhun them, thinking it to be *Don Alvaro*; but when he approached more near, they found it was the Prince of *Portugal*, who was at the head of 'em, and who without foreſeeing the occaſion, that would offer it ſelf of ſerving *Agnes*, was returning to *Coimbra* full of her *Idea*, after having perform'd what he ought in this Expedition.

Agnes who did not expect him, chang'd now her Opinion, and thought that it was the Prince, that had cauſed her to be ſtolen away. Oh Sir, ſaid ſhe to him, having ſtill the ſame thought, Is it you that have torn me from the Princeſs? and cou'd ſo cruel a blow come from a hand that is ſo dear to her, what will you do with an unfortunate Creature, who deſires nothing but Death? And why will you obſcure the Glory of your Life, by an Artifice unworthy of you? This Language aſtoniſhed the Prince, no leſs than the ſight of *Agnes* had done, he found by what ſhe had ſaid, that ſhe was taken away by force, and immediately paſſing to the height of Rage, he made her underſtand by one only look, that he was not the baſe Author of her trouble. I tear you from *Conſtantia*? whoſe only pleaſure you are, replyed he, What Opinion have you of *Don Pedro*? No Madam though you ſee me here, I am altogether innocent of the Violence that has been done you, and there is nothing, I will

refuſe to hinder it; he then turn'd himſelf to behold the raviſhers, but his Preſence had already ſcatter'd 'em; he order'd ſome of his Men to purſue 'em, and to ſeize ſome of 'em that he might know what Authority it was that ſet 'em at Work.

During this, *Agnes* was no leſs confus'd than before; ſhe admir'd the Conduct of her Deſtiny, that brought the Prince at a time, when he was ſo neceſſary to her; her Inclinations to do him Juſtice, ſoon repair'd the Offence her Suſpicions had caus'd; ſhe was glad to have eſcaped a Misfortune, which appear'd certain to her, but this was not a ſincere Joy, when ſhe conſider'd that her Lover was her Deliverer, and a Lover worthy of all her Acknowledgments, but who ow'd his heart to the moſt Amiable Princeſs in the World.

While the Princes Men were purſuing the Raviſhers of *Agnes*, he was left almoſt alone with her, and though he had always reſolv'd to ſhun being ſo, yet his conſtancy was not Proof againſt ſo fair an Occaſion: Madam ſaid he to her, is it poſſible that Men born amongſt thoſe that Obey us, ſhou'd be capable of offending you? I never thought my ſelf Deſtined to revenge ſuch an Offence; but ſince Heaven has permitted you to receive it, I will either Periſh or make them repent it; Sir, replyed *Agnes*, more concerned at this Diſcourſe than at the Enterpriſe of *Don Alvaro*, thoſe who are wanting in their reſpect to the Princeſs and you, are not obliged to have any for me.

I

I do not in the leaſt doubt but *Don Alvaro* was the Undertaker of this Enterpriſe, and I judg'd what I ought to fear from him, by what his importunities have already made me ſuffer. He is ſure of the Kings Protection, and he will make him an Accomplice in his Crime; but, Sir, Heaven conducted you hither happily for me, and I owe you for the liberty I have of ſerving the Princeſs yet longer. You will do for *Conſtantia*, reply'd the Prince, what 'tis impoſſible not to do for you, your goodneſs attaches you to her, and my Deſtiny ingages me to you for ever.

The modeſt *Agnes* who fear'd this diſcourſe as much as the Misfortune ſhe had newly ſhunn'd, anſwered nothing but by down caſt Eyes, and the Prince who knew the trouble ſhe was in, left her to go ſpeak to his Men, who brought back one of thoſe that belong'd to *Don Alvaro*, by whoſe confeſſion he found the Truth; he pardon'd him, thinking not fit to Puniſh him, who obey'd a Man whom the weakneſs of his Father had render'd Powerful.

Afterwards they conducted *Agnes* back to *Coimbra*, where her Adventure began to make a great Noiſe; the Princeſs was ready to Die with diſpair, and at firſt thought it was only a continuation of the deſign this fair Maid had of retiring; but ſome Women that ſerv'd her having told the Princeſs, that ſhe was carried away by Violence, *Conſtantia* made her complaint to the King who regarded her not at all.

'Madam, said he to her, let this fatal Plague 'remove it self, who takes from you the heart 'of your Husband, and without afflicting your 'self for her Absence, bless Heaven and me for 'it.

The Generous Princess took *Agnes*'s part with a great deal of Courage, and was then disputing her defence with the King, when *Don Pedro* arriv'd at *Coimbra*.

The first Object that met the Princes Eyes was *Don Alvaro*, who was passing through one of the Courts of the Palace, amidst a crowd of Courtiers, whom his favour with the King drew after him. This sight made *Don Pedro* rage, but that of the Princess and *Agnes*, caus'd in him another sort of Emotion: He easily Divin'd that it was *Don Pedro*, who had taken her from his Men, and if his fury had acted what it wou'd, it might have produc'd very sad effects.

"*Don Alvaro*, said the Prince to him, is it "thus you make use of the Authority which "the King my Father has given you? have you "receiv'd Imployments and Power from him "for no other end but to do base Actions, and "to commit Rapes on Ladies? Are you Ig- "norant how the Princess Interests her self in "all that concerns this Maid? and do you not "know the tender and Affectionate esteem she "has for her? No reply'd *Don Alvaro* (with an Insolence which had like to have put the Prince past all Patience) "I am not Ignorant "of it, nor of the interest your heart takes in "her. Base and treacherous as thou art, re-

"plyed

" ply'd the Prince, neither the favour which " thou haſt ſo much abuſed, nor the Inſolence " which makes thee ſpeak this, ſhou'd hinder " me from puniſhing thee, wert thou worthy " of my Sword, but there are other ways to " humble thy Pride, and 'tis not fit for ſuch " an Arm as mine to ſeek ſo baſe an Im- " ployment, as to puniſh ſuch a ſlave as thou " art.

Don Pedro went away at theſe words and left *Alvaro* in a Rage, which is not to be expreſs'd; diſpair to ſee himſelf defeated in an Enterpriſe he thought ſo ſure, and at the Contempt the Prince ſhow'd him, he promis'd himſelf to Sacrifice all to his Revenge.

Though the King lov'd his Son, he was ſo prepoſſeſs'd againſt his Paſſion, that he cou'd not Pardon him what he had done, and Condemn'd him as much for this laſt Act of Juſtice in delivering *Agnes*, as if it had been the greateſt of Crimes.

Elvira whom the ſweetneſs of hope flatter'd ſome Moments, ſaw the return of *Agnes* with a ſenſible Diſpleaſure, which ſuffer'd her to think of nothing but irritating her Brother.

In fine, the Prince ſaw the King; but inſtead of being receiv'd by him with a joy due to the Succeſs of his Journey, he appear'd all ſullen and out of Humour. After having paid him his firſt Reſpects, and gave him an exact Account of what he had done, he ſpoke to him about the Violence committed againſt the

Perſon of *Agnes de Caſtro*, and complain'd to him of it in the Name of the Princeſs and of his Own, 'You ought to be ſilent in this 'Affair, reply'd the King, and the Motive 'which makes you ſpeak, is ſo ſhameful for 'you, that I ſigh and bluſh at it; what is it to 'you if this Maid, whoſe preſence is trouble-'ſome to me, be remov'd hence, ſince 'tis I 'that deſire it? But, Sir, interrupted the Prince, 'what Neceſſity is there of imploying force, 'Artifice, and the Night, when the leaſt of 'your Orders had been ſufficient, *Agnes* wou'd 'willingly have obey'd you; and if ſhe con-'tinue in *Coimbra*, 'tis perhaps againſt her 'will, but be it as it will, Sir, *Conſtantia* is 'offended, and if it were not for fear of diſplea-'ſing you, (the only thing that Retains me) 'the Raviſher ſhou'd not have gone Unpu-'niſh'd. How happy are you, reply'd the 'King ſmiling with diſdain, in making Uſe of 'the Name of *Conſtantia*, to uphold the intereſt 'of your Heart, you think I am ignorant of it, 'and that this unhappy Princeſs looks on the 'injury you do her with indifference. Never 'ſpeak to me more of *Agnes*, with a Tone very ſevere: 'Content your ſelf that I Pardon 'what's paſt, and think maturely of the Con-'ſiderations I have for *Don Alvaro*, when you 'wou'd deſign any thing againſt him. Yes, Sir, 'reply'd the Prince with freeneſs, I will ſpeak 'to you no more of *Agnes*, but *Conſtantia* and 'I will never ſuffer that ſhe ſhou'd be any more 'expos'd to the inſolence of your favourite. The King had like to have broke out into rage

Rage at this Diſcourſe; but he had yet a Reſt of Prudence left that hinder'd him. *Retire*, (ſaid he to *Don Pedro*,) *and go make Reflections on what my Power can do, and what you owe me.*

During this Converſation, *Agnes* receiv'd from the Princeſs, and all the Ladies of the Court, Teſtimonies of Joy and Friendſhip; *Conſtantia* ſaw her Husband again, with a great deal of ſatisfaction; and was ſo far from being troubled at what he had done for *Agnes*, that ſhe return'd him particular Thanks for it, and appear'd to him ſtill the ſame Perſon, notwithſtanding the Jealouſies they wou'd have inſpir'd her with.

Don Alvaro, who found in his Siſter a Malice worthy of his Confidence, hid not from her his fury. When ſhe had made vain Efforts to moderate it, by ſtriving to chaſe *Agnes* from his Heart; finding his Diſtemper was incurable, ſhe made him to underſtand, that as long as *Conſtantia* was not jealous, there was nothing to hope; that if *Agnes* came once to be ſuſpected by her, ſhe wou'd not fail to abandon her; and that then it wou'd be eaſie for him to ſatisfie himſelf. The Prince being proud of indulging *Conſtantia*, beſide the giving Counſel to her Brother, ſhe promis'd faithfully to ſerve him; and having no need but of her ſelf to carry on a baſe Deſign, ſhe recommended to *Don Alvaro* nothing but the Management of the King.

Four Years paſs'd after this ſad manner, and the Princeſs (beſide her firſt Son dead, and

Fernando

Fernando yet living) brought into the World two Daughters.

Some Days after the Return of *Don Pedro*, *Elvira*, skilful in the Art of managing a Criminal Affair, ſo wrought on one of the Maids that ſerv'd in the Chamber of the Princeſs, that after having flatter'd her, and beſtow'd Preſents upon her, (finding an Inclination in her as prone to Ill as her own,) ſhe did not at all ſcruple to make uſe of it.

When ſhe was ſure of her Compliance, ſhe compos'd a *Letter*, which was writ with a Character that cou'd not be known, and putting it into the Hands of this Maid, to give to *Conſtantia*, as ſhe ſhou'd find Occaſion; bidding her withal to ſay, ſhe ſaw it fall from the pocket of *Agnes*. The *Letter* was in theſe Terms.

The Letter.

I Make no uſe of my own Hand to write to you, for certain Reaſons which I will tell you. Oh, how happy am I, to have overcome all your Scruples! And what a Bleſſing ſhall I find in the Continuation of our Converſe! All the Actions of my Life ſhall make known to you the Sincerity of my Love: But think of the particular Entertainment I deſire of you: Every one that approaches you, ſeems to me to ſteal ſomething

thing from you; which gives me an inſupportable Pain. I dare not ſpeak to you in publick, therefore let me conjure you here, by all that I have ſuffer'd, to come to-night to the place appointed, and ſpeak to me no more of Conſtantia; *for ſhe muſt be content with my Eſteem, ſince my Heart can be only yours.*

The unfaithful *Portugueſe* ſerv'd *Elvira* exactly to her Deſires; and the very next Day, ſeeing *Agnes* go out from the Princeſs, ſhe carry'd *Conſtantia* the Letter; which ſhe took, and found there what ſhe was far from imagining. Tenderneſs never produc'd an Effect more full of Grief, than what it made her ſuffer. *Alas, they are both culpable* (ſaid ſhe, ſighing;) *and in ſpight of the Defence my Heart won'd make for 'em, my Reaſon condemns 'em. Unhappy Princeſs, the ſad Subject of the Capriciouſneſs of Fortune! why doſt thou not die, ſince thou haſt not a Heart of a Humour to revenge it ſelf?* O Don Pedro! *Why did you give me your Hand, without your Heart? And thou, Fair, and Ungrateful! Wert thou born to be the Misfortune of my Life, and perhaps the only Cauſe of my Death.* After having given ſome Moments to the Violence of her Grief, ſhe call'd the Maid who brought her the Letter, commanding her to ſpeak of it to no body, and to ſuffer no one to enter into her Chamber.

She

She conſider'd then that Prince with more Liberty, whoſe Soul ſhe was not able to touch with the leaſt Tenderneſs; and of the cruel Fair One, that had betray'd her: Yet, even while her Soul was upon the Rack, ſhe was willing to excuſe 'em, and ready to do all ſhe cou'd for *Don Pedro*; at leaſt, ſhe made a firm Reſolution, not to complain of him.

Elvira was not long without being inform'd of what had paſs'd, nor of the Melancholy of the Princeſs, from whom ſhe hop'd all ſhe deſir'd.

Agnes, far from fore-ſeeing this Tempeſt, return'd to *Conſtantia*; and hearing of her Indiſpoſition, paſs'd the reſt of the Day at her Chamber-door, that ſhe might from time to time learn News of her Health, for ſhe was not ſuffer'd to come in, at which *Agnes* was both ſurpriz'd and troubl'd. The Prince had the ſame Deſtiny, and was aſtoniſh'd at an Order which ought to have excepted him.

The next Day *Conſtantia* appear'd, but ſo alter'd, that 'twas not difficult to imagine what ſhe had ſuffer'd. *Agnes* was the moſt impatient to approach her, and the Princeſs cou'd not forbear weeping. They were both ſilent for ſome time, and *Conſtantia* attributed this Silence of *Agnes* to ſome Remorſe which ſhe felt; and this unhappy Maid being able to hold no longer, *Is it poſſible, Madam* (ſaid ſhe,) *that two Days ſhou'd have taken from me all the Goodneſs you had for me? What have I done? And for what do you puniſh me?* The Princeſs regarded her with a languiſhing Look, and

return'd

return'd her no Anſwer but Sighs. *Agnes*, offended at this Reſerve, went out with very great Diſ-ſatisfaction and Anger; which contributed to her being thought criminal. The Prince came in immediately after, and found *Conſtantia* more diſorder'd than uſual, and conjur'd her in a moſt obliging manner to take care of her Health. *The greateſt Good for me* (ſaid ſhe) *is not the Continuation of my Life: I ſhou'd have more Care of it if I lov'd you leſs; but*——— She cou'd not proceed; and the Prince, exceſſively afflicted at her Trouble, ſigh'd ſadly, without making her any Anſwer; which re-doubl'd her Grief. Spight then began to mix it ſelf; and all things perſwading the Princeſs that they made a Sacrifice of her, ſhe wou'd enter into no Explanation with her Husband, but ſuffer'd him to go away without ſaying any thing to him.

Nothing is more capable of troubling our Reaſon, and conſuming our Health, than ſecret Motions of Jealouſie in Solitude.

Conſtantia, who us'd to open her Heart freely to *Agnes*, now believing ſhe had deceiv'd her, abandon'd her ſelf ſo abſolutely to Grief, that ſhe was ready to ſink under it: She immediately fell ſick with the Violence of it, and all the Court was concern'd at this Misfortune: *Don Pedro* was truly afflicted at it, but *Agnes* more than all the world beſide. *Conſtantia*'s Coldneſs towards her, made her continually ſigh; and her Diſtemper, created meerly by Fancy, caus'd her to reflect on every thing that offer'd it ſelf to her Memory;

ſo

ſo that at laſt ſhe began even to fear her ſelf, and to reproach her ſelf for what the Princeſs ſuffer'd.

But the Diſtemper began to be ſuch, that they fear'd *Conſtantia*'s Death, and ſhe her ſelf began to feel the Approaches of it. This Thought did not at all diſquiet her; ſhe look'd on Death as the only Relief from all her Torments, and regarded the Deſpair of all that approach'd her without the leaſt Concern.

The King, who lov'd her tenderly, and who knew her Vertue, was infinitely mov'd at the Extremity ſhe was in. And *Don Alvaro*, who loſt not the leaſt Occaſion of making him underſtand, that it was Jealouſie which was the Cauſe of *Conſtantia*'s Diſtemper, did but too much incenſe him againſt Criminals worthy of Compaſſion. The King was not of a Temper to conceal his Anger long. 'You give fine 'Examples (*ſaid he to the Prince*,) and ſuch as 'will render your Memory illuſtrious; and 'the Death of *Conſtantia* (of which you are on-'ly to be accus'd) is the unhappy Fruit of your 'guilty Paſſion. Fear Heaven after this; and 'behold your ſelf as a Monſter that does not 'deſerve to ſee the Light. If the Intereſt you 'have in my Blood did not plead for you, 'what ought you not to fear from my juſt 'Reſentment? But what muſt not imprudent '*Agnes*, to whom nothing dies muſt expect 'from my Hands? If *Conſtantia* dies, ſhe, 'who has the Boldneſs in my Court, to cheriſh 'a fooliſh Flame by vain Hopes, and make us 'loſe the moſt amiable Princeſs, whom thou 'art

'art not worthy to poſſeſs, ſhall feel the Ef-
'fects of her Indiſcretion.

Don Pedro knew very well, that *Conſtantia* was not ignorant of his Sentiments for *Agnes*; but he knew alſo with what Moderation ſhe receiv'd it: He was very ſenſible of the King's Reproaches; but as his Fault was not voluntary, and that a commanding Power, a fatal Star had forc'd him to love in ſpight of himſelf, he appear'd afflicted and confus'd. 'You 'condemn me, Sir, (*anſwer'd he,*) without ha-'ving well examin'd me; and if my Intentions 'were known to you, perhaps you wou'd not 'find me ſo criminal: I wou'd take the Prin-'ceſs for my Judge, whom you ſay, I ſacri-'fice, if ſhe were in a Condition to be conſul-'ted. If I am guilty of any Weakneſs, her 'Juſtice never reproach'd me for it, and my 'Tongue never inform'd *Agnes* of it. But 'ſuppoſe I have committed any Fault, why 'wou'd you puniſh an innocent Lady, who 'perhaps condemns me for it as much as you. 'Ah, Villain! (*interrupted the King,*) ſhe has 'but too much favour'd you: You wou'd not 'have lov'd thus long, had ſhe not made you 'ſome Returns. Sir, (*reply'd the Prince, pier-'ced with Grief for the Outrage that was com-'mitted againſt* Agnes,) you offend a Vertue, 'than which nothing can be purer; and thoſe 'Expreſſions which break from your Choler, 'are not worthy of you. *Agnes* never gran-'ted me any Favours; I never ask'd any of 'her; and I proteſt to Heaven, I never 'thought of any thing contrary to the Duty I 'owe *Conſtantia.*

As

As they thus argu'd, one of the Princeſs her Women came all in Tears, to acquaint *Don Pedro*, that the Princeſs was in the laſt Extremities of Life. 'Go, ſee thy fatal Work, '(*ſaid the King*,) and expect from a too long 'patient Father the Uſage thou deſerv'ſt.

The Prince ran to *Conſtantia*, whom he found dying; and *Agnes* in a ſwoon, in the Arms of ſome of the Ladies. What caus'd this double Calamity was, that *Agnes*, who cou'd ſuffer no longer the Indifferency of the Princeſs, had conjur'd her to tell her what was her Crime, and either to take her Life from her, or reſtore her Friendſhip.

Conſtantia, who found ſhe muſt die, cou'd no longer keep her ſecret Affliction from *Agnes*; and after ſome Words, which were a Preparative to the ſad Explanation, ſhe ſhew'd her that fatal Billet which *Elvira* had caus'd to be written. 'Ah, Madam! (*cry'd out the fair* 'Agnes, after *having read it*;) Ah, Madam! 'How many cruel Inquietudes had you ſpar'd 'me, had you open'd your Heart to me with 'your wonted Bounty: 'Tis eaſie to ſee that 'this Letter is counterfeit, and that I have 'Enemies without Compaſſion. Cou'd you 'believe the Prince ſo imprudent, to make uſe 'of any other Hand than his own, on an 'Occaſion like this? And do you believe 'me ſo ſimple, to keep about me this Teſti-'mony of my Shame, with ſo little Pre-cau-'tion? You are neither betray'd by your 'Husband, nor me; I atteſt Heaven, and 'thoſe Efforts I have made, to leave *Coimbra*.

'Alas,

'Alas, my dear Princeſs! How little have 'you known her, whom you have ſo much ho-'nour'd? Do not believe, that when I have 'juſtify'd my ſelf, I will have any more Com-'munication with the World. No, no; there 'will be no Retreat far enough from hence for 'me. I will take care to hide this unlucky Face, 'where it ſhall be ſure to do no more harm.

The Princeſs, touch'd at this Diſcourſe, and the Tears of *Agnes*, preſs'd her Hand, which ſhe held in hers; and fixing Looks upon her, capable of moving Pity in the moſt inſenſible Souls, 'If I have committed any Of-'fence, my dear *Agnes*, (*anſwered ſhe*,) Death, 'which I expect in a Moment, ſhall revenge it. 'I ought alſo to proteſt to you, that I have 'not ceas'd loving you, and that I believe eve-'ry thing you have ſaid; giving you back my 'moſt tender Affections.

'Twas at this time that the Grief, which equally oppreſs'd 'em, put the Princeſs into ſuch an Extremity, that they ſent for the Prince. He came, and found himſelf almoſt without Life or Motive at this Sight: And what ſecret Motion ſoever might call him to the Aid of *Agnes*, 'twas to *Conſtantia* he ran. The Princeſs, who finding her laſt Moments drawing on, by a cold Sweat that cover'd her all over, and finding ſhe had no more Buſineſs with Life, and cauſing thoſe Perſons ſhe moſt ſuſpected to retire, 'Sir, (*ſaid ſhe to* Don 'Pedro,) if I abandon Life without Regret, 'it is not without Trouble that I part with 'you. But, Prince, we muſt vanquiſh when

'we come to die; and I will forget my ſelf 'wholly, to think of nothing but of you. I 'have no Reproaches to make againſt you, 'knowing that 'tis Inclination that diſpoſes 'Hearts, and not Reaſon. *Agnes* is beautiful 'enough to inſpire the moſt ardent Paſſion, 'and vertuous enough to deſerve the firſt For-'tunes in the World. I ask her once more 'Pardon for the Injuſtice I have done her, and 'recommend her to you, as a Perſon moſt 'dear to me. Promiſe me, my dear Prince, 'before I expire, to give her my Place in your 'Throne; it cannot be better fill'd: You can-'not chuſe a Princeſs more perfect for your 'People, nor a better Mother for our little 'Children. And you, my dear, and my faith-'ful *Agnes* (*purſued ſhe*;) liſten not to a Ver-'tue too ſcrupulous, that may make any Op-'poſition to the Prince of *Portugal*: Refuſe 'him not a Heart, of which he is worthy; 'and give him that Friendſhip which you had 'for me, with that which is due to his Merit. 'Take care of my little *Fernando*, and the 'two young Princeſſes: Let 'em find me in 'you, and ſpeak to 'em ſometimes of me. 'Adieu; live both of you happy, and receive 'my laſt Embraces.

The afflicted *Agnes*, who had recover'd a little her Forces, loſt 'em again a ſecond time: Her Weakneſs was follow'd with Convulſions ſo vehement, that they were afraid of her Life; but *Don Pedro* never remov'd from *Con-ſtantia*. 'What, Madam, (*ſaid he*;) you 'will leave me then; and you think 'tis for 'my

'my Good. Alas, *Conſtantia*! if my Heart 'has committed any Out-rage againſt you, 'your Vertue has ſufficiently reveng'd you on 'me, in ſpight of you. Can you think me ſo 'barbarous? —— As he was going on, he ſaw Death ſhut the Eyes of the moſt generous Princeſs for ever; and he was within a very little of following her.

But what Loads of Grief was this for *Agnes*, when ſhe found that in that Interval, when Life and Death were ſtruggling in her Soul, that *Conſtantia* was newly expir'd: She wou'd then have taken away her own Life, and have let her Deſpair fully appear.

At the Noiſe of the Death of the Princeſs, the Town and the Palace was all in Tears. *Elvira*, who ſaw then *Don Pedro* free to engage himſelf, repented of having contributed to the Death of *Conſtantia*. *Don Pedro*, who accus'd himſelf of it, deplor'd his Misfortunes: And *Agnes*, who thought her ſelf the Cauſe of it, promis'd her Griefs never to pardon her ſelf.

She had need of being guarded ſeveral Days together; during which time, ſhe fail'd not inceſſantly to weep. And the Prince gave all thoſe Days to deepeſt Mourning: But when the firſt Emotions were paſt, thoſe of his Love made him feel that he was ſtill the ſame.

He was a long time without ſeeing *Agnes*, but this Abſence of his ſerv'd only to make her appear the more charming when he did ſee her.

Don Alvaro, who was afraid of the Liberty of the Prince, made new Efforts to move *Agnes de Caſtro*, who was now become inſenſible to every thing but Grief. *Elvira*, who was willing to make the beſt of the Deſign ſhe had begun, conſulted all her Women's Arts, and the Delicacy of her Wit, to revive the Flames with which the Prince once burnt for her: But his Inconſtancy was bounded, and it was *Agnes* alone that was to reign over his Heart.

She had taken a firm Reſolution, ſince the Death of *Conſtantia*, to paſs the reſt of her Days in a ſolitary Retreat. In ſpight of the Pre-caution ſhe took to hide this Deſign, the Prince was inform'd of it, and did all he was able to diſpoſe his Conſtancy and Fortitude to it. He thought himſelf ſtronger than he really was; but after he had too well conſulted his Heart, he found but too well how neceſſary the Preſence of *Agnes* was to him. 'Madam, (*ſaid he to her one Day, with a Heart big, and his Eyes in Tears,*) which 'Action of my Life has made you determine 'my Death? Though I never told you how 'much I lov'd you, yet I am perſwaded you 'are not ignorant of it. I was conſtrain'd 'to be ſilent, during ſome Years, for your 'ſake, for *Conſtantia*'s, and my own; but 'tis not poſſible for me to put this Force 'upon my Heart for ever: I muſt once, at 'leaſt tell you how it languiſhes. Receive 'then the Aſſurances of a Paſſion, full of Reſpect and Ardour; with an Offer of my For-

'tune,

'tune, which I wiſh not better, but for your 'Advantage.

Agnes anſwer'd not immediately to theſe Words, but with abundance of Tears; which having wip'd away, and beholding *Don Pedro* with an Air which made him eaſily comprehend ſhe did not agree with his Deſires; 'If 'I were capable of the Weakneſs with which 'you wou'd inſpire me, you wou'd be oblig'd 'to puniſh me for it. What! (*ſaid ſhe,*) '*Conſtantia* is ſcarce bury'd, and you wou'd 'have me offend her! No, my Princeſs, '(*added ſhe, with more Softneſs*;) No, no: 'She whom you have heap'd ſo many Favours 'on, will not call down the Anger of Heaven, 'and the Contempt of Men upon her, by an 'Action ſo perfidious. Be not obſtinate then 'in a Deſign, in which I will never ſhew you 'Favour. You owe to *Conſtantia*, after her 'Death, a Fidelity that may juſtifie you: 'And I, to repair the Ills I have made her ſuf-'fer, ought to ſhun all Converſe with you. 'Go, Madam, (*reply'd the Prince, growing 'pale*;) go, and expect the News of my 'Death, in that part of the World, whither 'your Cruelty ſhall lead you; the News ſhall 'follow cloſe after, you ſhall quickly hear of 'it, and I will go ſeek it in thoſe Wars which 'reign among my Neighbours.

Theſe Words made the fair *Agnes de Caſtro* perceive that her Innocency was not ſo great as ſhe imagin'd, and that her Heart intereſted it ſelf in the Preſervation of *Don Pedro*. 'You 'ought, Sir, to preſerve your Life, (*reply'd*

'Agnes,) for the ſake of the little Prince and 'Princeſſes, which *Conſtantia* has left you. 'Wou'd you abandon their Youth (*continu'd 'ſhe, with a tender Tone*) to the cruelty of *Don 'Alvaro?* Live, Sir; live! and let the un-'happy *Agnes* be the only Sacrifice. Alas, 'cruel Maid! (*interrupted* Don Pedro;) why 'do you command me to live, if I cannot live 'with you? Is it an Effect of your Ha-'tred? No, Sir, (*reply'd* Agnes;) I do not 'hate you; and I wish to God that I cou'd be 'indifferent, that I might be able to defend 'my ſelf againſt the Weakneſs with which I 'find my ſelf poſſeſs'd. Oblige me to ſay no 'more, Sir: You ſee my Bluſhes, interpret 'them as you pleaſe; but conſider yet, that 'the leſs Averſion I find I have for you, the 'more culpable I am; and that I ought no 'more to ſee, or ſpeak to you. In fine, Sir; 'if you oppoſe my Retreat, I declare to you, 'that *Don Alvaro*, as odious as he is to me, 'ſhall ſerve for a Defence againſt you; and 'that I will ſooner conſent to marry a Man I 'abhor, than to favour a Paſſion that coſt *Con-'ſtantia* her Life. Well then, *Agnes*, (*reply'd 'the Prince, with Looks all languiſhing, and dy-'ing,*) follow the Motions which barbarous 'Vertue inſpires you with; take thoſe Mea-'ſures you judge neceſſary, againſt an unfor-'tunate Lover: and enjoy the Glory of ha-'ving cruelly refus'd me.

At theſe Words he went away, and, as troubl'd as *Agnes* was, ſhe wou'd not ſtay him; her Courage combated with her Grief, and

and ſhe thought now, more than ever, of departing.

'Twas difficult for her to go out of *Coimbra*; and not to deferr what appear'd to her ſo neceſſary, ſhe went immediately to the Apartment of the King, notwithſtanding the Intereſt of *Don Alvaro*. The King receiv'd her with a Countenance ſevere, not being able to conſent to what ſhe demanded. 'You ſhall 'not go hence, (*ſaid he*;) and if you are 'wiſe, you ſhall enjoy here, with *Don Alva-'ro*, both my Friendſhip, and my Favour. I 'have taken another Reſolution, (*anſwer'd* 'Agnes,) and the World has no part in it. 'You will accept *Don Pedro*, (*reply'd the King*;) 'his Fortune is ſufficient to ſatisfie an ambi-'tious Maid: But you will not ſucceed *Con-'ſtantia*, who lov'd you ſo tenderly; and '*Spain* has Princeſſes enough, to fill up part of 'the Throne which I ſhall leave him. Sir, '(*reply'd* Agnes, *piqu'd at this Diſcourſe*) if I 'had a Diſpoſition for Love, and a Deſign to 'marry, perhaps the Prince might be the only 'Perſon on whom I wou'd fix 'em: And you 'know, if my Anceſtors did not poſſeſs 'Crowns, yet they were worthy to wear 'em. 'But let it be how it will, I am reſolv'd to de-'part, and remain no longer a Slave in a place, 'to which I came free.

This bold Anſwer, which ſhew'd the Character of *Agnes*, anger'd, and aſtoniſh'd the King. *You ſhall go when we think fit*, (reply'd he) *and without being a Slave at* Coimbra, *you ſhall attend our Orders.*

Agnes saw she must stay, and was so griev'd at it, that she kept her Chamber several Days, without daring to inform her self of the Prince; and this Retirement spar'd her the Affliction of being visited by *Don Alvaro*.

During this, *Don Pedro* fell sick; and was in so great Danger, that there was a general Apprehension of his Death. *Agnes* did not in the least doubt, but it was an Effect of his Discontent: She thought at first, she had Strength and Resolution enough to see him die, rather than to favour him; but had she reflected a little, she had soon been convinc'd to the contrary: She found not in her Heart that cruel Constancy, she thought there so well establish'd; she felt Pains and Inquietude, shed Tears, made Wishes; and, in fine, discover'd that she lov'd.

'Twas impossible to see the Heir of the Crown, a Prince that deserv'd so well, even at the point of Death, without a general Affliction: The People, who lov'd him, pass'd whole Days at the Palace-gate, to hear News of him: The Court was all overwhelm'd with Grief.

Don Alvaro knew very well how to conceal a malicious Joy, under an Appearance of Sadness. *Elvira*, full of Tenderness, and perhaps of Remorse, suffer'd also on her side. The King, although he condemn'd the Love of his Son, yet still had a Tenderness for him, and cou'd not resolve to lose him. *Agnes de Castro*, who knew the Cause of his Distemper,

per, expected the End of it, with ſtrange Anxieties.

In fine, after a Month had paſs'd away in fears, they began to have a little hopes of his recovery. The Prince, and *Don Alvaro* were the only Perſons that were not glad of it. But *Agnes* rejoic'd enough for all the reſt.

Don Pedro ſeeing that he muſt Live whether he wou'd or no, thought of nothing but paſſing his Days in Melancholy and Diſcontent; aſſoon as he was in a condition to walk, he ſought out the moſt ſolitary places; and gain'd ſo much upon his own weakneſs, to go every where, where *Agnes* was not; but her *Idea* followed him always, and his Memory faithful to repreſent her to him, with all her Charms, render'd her always dangerous.

One Day when they had carried him into the Garden, he ſought out a Labyrinth which was at the fartheſt part of it, to hide his Melancholy, during ſome hours; there he found the ſad *Agnes*, whom grief little different from his, had brought thither; the ſight of her whom he expected not, made him tremble; ſhe ſaw by his Pale and Meagre face, the remains of his Diſtemper, his Eyes full of languiſhment troubled her, and though her deſire was ſo great to have fled from him, an unknown Power ſtopt her, and 'twas impoſſible for her to go.

After ſome Moments of ſilence, which many ſighs interrupted, *Don Pedro* rais'd himſelf

ſelf from the place, where his weakneſs had forc'd him to ſit, he made *Agnes* ſee as he approached her the ſad marks of his ſufferings, and not content with the pity he ſaw in her Eyes, 'You have reſolv'd my Death then, 'cruel *Agnes*, (*ſaid he*) my deſire was the ſame 'with yours, but Heaven has thought fit to reſerve me for other Misfortunes, and I ſee you again as unhappy, but more in love than ever.

There was no need of theſe Words to move *Agnes* to Compaſſion, the languiſhment of the Prince ſpoke enough: And the heart of this fair Maid, was but too much diſpos'd to yield it ſelf. She thought then that *Conſtantia* ought to be ſatisfied, love which Combated for *Don Pedro* Triumph'd over Friendſhip, and found that happy Moment for which the Prince of *Portugal* had ſo long ſighed.

'Do not reproach me, for that which has 'coſt me more than you, Sir, (*replyed ſhe*) and do not accuſe a Heart, which is neither ingrateful nor Barbarous, and I muſt tell you that I love you, but now I have made you that Confeſſion, what is it farther that you require of me. *Don Pedro* who expected not a change ſo favourable felt a double ſatisfaction, and falling at the Feet of *Agnes*, he expreſs'd more by the ſilence of his Paſſion created, than he cou'd have done by the moſt Eloquent Words.

After having known all his good Fortune, he then conſulted with the Amiable *Agnes*, what

was

was to be fear'd from the King; they concluded that the cruel Billet, which so troubled the last days of *Constantia*, con'd come from none but *Elvira* and *Don Alvaro*. The Prince who knew that his Father had search'd already an Alliance for him, and was resolv'd on his Favorites Marrying *Agnes*, Conjur'd her so tenderly to prevent these Persecutions, by consenting to a secret Marriage; that after having a long time consider'd, she at last consented. 'I will do what you will have me, '(*said she*) though I presage nothing but fatal 'Events from it; all my Blood turns to Ice, 'when I think of this Marriage, and the Image 'of *Constantia* seems to hinder me from doing 'it.

The Amorous Prince surmounted all her Scruples, and separated himself from *Agnes*, with a satisfaction which soon redoubled his Forces; he saw her afterward with the pleasure of a Mistery, and the Day of their Union arriv'd, *Dom Gill*, Bishop of *Guarda*, perform'd the Ceremony of the Marriage, in the presence of several Witnesses, faithful to *Don Pedro*, who saw him Possessour of all the Charms of the fair *Agnes*.

She liv'd not the more peaceable for belonging to the Prince of *Portugal*, her Enemies who continually persecuted her left her not without Troubles, and the King whom her refusal inrag'd, laid his absolute commands on her, to Marry *Don Alvaro*, with threats to force her to it, if she continu'd Rebellious.

The

The Prince took lowdly her part, and this join'd to the refuſal he made of Marrying the Princeſs of *Arragon*, caus'd ſuſpicions of the Truth in the King his Father.

He was ſeconded by thoſe that were too much intereſted, not to unriddle this ſecret. *Don Alvaro* and his Siſter acted with ſo much care, gave ſo many gifts, and made ſo many Promiſes, that they diſcovered the ſecret Engagements of *Don Pedro* and *Agnes*.

The King wanted but little of breaking out into all the Rage and Fury ſo great a Diſappointment cou'd inſpire him with, againſt the Princeſs. *Don Alvaro* whoſe love was chang'd into the moſt violent hatred, appeas'd the firſt Tranſports of the King, by making him comprehend that if they cou'd break the Marriage off 'em, that wou'd not be a ſufficient Revenge, and ſo poiſon'd the Soul of the King, to conſent to the Death of *Agnes*.

The Barbarous *Don Alvaro* offered his Arm for this terrible Execution, and his Rage was ſecurity for the Sacrifice.

The King who thought the Glory of his Family diſgrac'd by this Alliance, and his own in particular in the proceedure of his Son, gave full Power to this Murder, to make the innocent *Agnes*, a Victim to his Rage.

It was not eaſie to execute this horrid deſign, though the Prince ſaw *Agnes* but in ſecret, yet all his Cares were ſtill awake for

for her, and he was Marry'd to her above a year, before *Don Alvaro* cou'd find out an Opportunity ſo long ſought for.

The Prince diverted himſelf but little, and very rarely went far from *Coimbra*, but on a Day, an unfortunate Day, and mark'd out by Heaven for an unheard of and Horrid Aſſaſſin; he made a party to hunt at a fine Houſe, which the King of *Portugal* had near the City.

Agnes lov'd every thing that gave the Prince ſatisfaction, but a ſecret trouble made her apprehend ſome Misfortune in this unhappy Journey. Sir, (*ſaid ſhe*) to him alarm'd without knowing the reaſon why I tremble, 'ſeeing you to day, as it were deſign'd the 'laſt of my Life. Preſerve your ſelf my Dear 'Prince, and though the Exerciſe you take be not very dangerous, beware of the leaſt hazards, and bring me back all that I truſt with you. *Don Pedro* who had never found her ſo handſome and ſo charming before embraced her ſeveral times, and went out of the Palace with his followers with a deſign not to return till the next Day.

He was no ſooner gone but the Cruel *Don Alvaro* prepared himſelf for the Execution, he had reſolv'd on; he thought it of that importance, that it required more hands than his Own; and ſo choſe for his Companions *Diego Lopes Pacheo*, and *Pedro Cuello*, two Monſters like himſelf, whoſe Crueity he

he was assur'd of by the presents he had made 'em.

They waited the coming of the Night, and the lovely *Agnes* was in her first sleep, which was the last of her Life, when these Assassins approach'd her Bed. Nothing made resistance to *Don Alvaro*, who cou'd do every thing, and whom the blackest furies introduc'd to *Agnes*, she waken'd, and opening her Curtains, saw by the Candle burning in her Chamber, the Poniard with which *Don Alvaro* was Arm'd, he having not his Face cover'd she easily knew him, and forgetting her self to think of nothing but the Prince. 'Just Heaven, (*said she*) lifting up her fine 'Eyes, If you will revenge *Constantia*, satisfie 'your self with my Blood only, and spare 'that of *Don Pedro*. The Barbarous Man that heard her, gave her not time to say more; and finding he cou'd never (by all he cou'd do by love) touch the heart of the fair *Agnes*, he pierc'd it with his Poniard; his Accomplices gave her several Wounds, though there were no Necessity of so many to put an end to an innocent Life.

What a sad Spectacle was this for those who approach'd her Bed the next Day, and what dismal News was this to the Unfortunate Prince of *Portugal*. He return'd to *Coimbra*, at the first report of this Adventure, and saw what had certainly cost him his Life, if Men cou'd Die of grief; after having a thousand times embrac'd the bloody Body of *Agnes*, and said all that a just Dispair cou'd inspire

inſpire him with, he ran like a Mad-man into the Palace, demanding the Murderers of his Wife, of things that cou'd not hear him, in fine he ſaw the King, and without obſerving any reſpect, he gave a looſe to his Reſentment; after having rav'd a long time, overwhelm'd with grief he fell into a Swound, which continued all that Day; they carried him into his Apartment, and the King believing that this Miſfortune wou'd prove his cure, repented not of what he had permitted.

Don Alvaro, and the two other Aſſaſſins, quitted *Coimbra*, this abſence of theirs, made 'em appear guilty of the Crime, for which the afflicted Prince vow'd a ſpeedy Vengeance to the Ghoſt of his lovely *Agnes*, reſolving to purſue them to the uttermoſt part of the Univerſe; he got a conſiderable Number of Men together, ſufficient to have made reſiſtance, even on the King of *Portugal* himſelf, if he ſhou'd yet take the part of the Murderers, with theſe he ravag'd the whole Country, as far as the *Duero* Waters, and carried on a War, even till the Death of the King; continually mixing tears with Blood which he gave to the revenge of his deareſt *Agnes*.

Such was the deplorable end of the unfortunate Love of *Don Pedro* of *Portugal*, and of the fair *Agnes de Caſtro*, whoſe remembrance, he faithfully preſerv'd in his heart even upon the Throne, to which he mounted by the right of his Birth, after the Death of the King.

F I N I S.